

Red vs Blue Season 2

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Summary: Written version of Rooster Teeth's hit Red vs Blue.

1. Chapter 1

A/N: I don't own Halo or Red Versus Blue. They belong to Microsoft and Rooster Teeth respectively.

****Spanish****

English

On top of the cliffs over looking Blood Gulch, stands a Spartan-II in vibrant purple armor. Suddenly the silence was shattered by a transmission. "Come in Blue Command, come in." said the figure. After getting no answer he tried again. "This is Medical Officer DuFresne. I have reached Blood Gulch Outpost Alpha, do you read?" DuFresne asked.

On a far off planet, Blue Command answered. "Yes dude, hello, can you read me, hello, check one, check two." the answer came.

DuFresne tapped the base of his suits antenna, trying to clear some static. "Say again, Blue Command. I do not read." he broadcasted out toward the stars.

"Check two. Is this thing on? Hello, hello." sent Blue Command.

"Blue Command. Please boost your transmission to match communication protocol, Echo, Bravo,-" stated the worried Spartan, his eyes darting around, alert for signs of trap.

"Yo I hear you, calm down dude, what's going on? Hello, yo, can you hear me, hello." interrupted Blue Command. Trocadero- No one was being played in the background.

"Uh, roger that Command." said DuFresne, shuddering at the song ozzing through his speakers.

"Sorry 'bout that, I was in the elevator, this thing doesn't work so well in there. What's going on dude?" said the operator at Blue Command.

"Roger tha... uh... is this Blue Command?" asked the purple Spartan, sure no command in history had ever called a soldier _dude_.

"Oh yeah, man, sure, totally! What's goin' on?" confirmed Blue Command.

DuFresne wasn't convinced. "You're sure, the Blue Command base." he asked.

"Hey dude. Take it easy. You called me, I didn't call you." Blue Command reminded DuFresne.

"Naw, I know, it's just..." DuFresne started to explain.

"It's just what, dude?" asked Command, getting curious at where this was heading.

DuFresne shook his head. "Never mind. I'm just letting you know that I've reached Blood Gulch Outpost Alpha. I'm gonna make contact with the Blue Squad members." he reported.

"Blood Gulch, huh? Alright, let me look here, let me see what it says... Blood Gulch, bleu bleaou bee ehl, blueoa here we go, Blood Gulch, okay. Says here, you wanna make contact with Private Tucker, ask him about their wounded, dude." Command informed DuFresne.

DuFresne nodded to himself. That information matched his earlier orders. "Roger that, any other orders?" he asked Command.

"Anything else, yeah okay, yeah, it says here whatever you do don't-oh. Okay never mind dude. I'm not supposed to read you that part, okay, just uh... you'll be okay, just uh be very careful. That's all." scrambled Command.

"Great." mumbled DuFresne, pissed that Command decided not to tell him something that was on the orders.

"Alright then. Well it's out goal here at Blue Base to provide excellent customer service, and I hope that I have done that today. Uh, if you have any further questions about this radio transmission, you can just um, you know call back, say 'Dude, I've got some questions, what's goin' on.' Over and out." Command to DuFresne. They then quickly cut the feed to the Spartan.

DuFresne quickly prepared himself for the climb down to the canyon floor. "Okay... Private Tucker.." he reminded himself as he started the hazardous climb.

Many feet below, three figures in different shades of blue were standing in front of Blue Base. "Hey Church, we have a problem." Tucker told Church.

Church got pissed. Even though it had been three months since he had got his new body, he still had to fight Lopez's AI for every ounce of control and he didn't need to listen to Tucker's every minor problem. "I am not your mother, so don't come tattling to me every time one of you does something that the other one doesn't like." he snapped.

Tucker took a step back. "I'm telling you, he's crazy. He keeps threatening me, and talking in a scary voice." he said pointing to Caboose.

"No I didn't." said Caboose.

"Oh, so youre saying you didn't threaten to cut off my head and give it to Church as a birthday present?" Tucker asked, crossing his arms.

"You know, I thunk you're taking my words a little out of context." said Caboose.

Tucker looked at the regulation blue Spartan-II in disbelief. "What? What context?" he asked his teammate.

Behind them, DuFresne dropped the final twelve feet to the canyon floor, walked up the group, and stopped right behind Church. "Listen guys, this competition thing has got to stop, okay? I thought we'd established by now..." Church started to tell both of the soldiers, unaware of the purple super-soldier standing right behind him.

DuFresne cleared his throat and said "Excuse me."

Church jumped. He took a second to compose himself and turned to face the new guy. "Hey pal? One second, okay? I'm in the middle of something here." he told DuFresne. He turned back to his comrades and continued to talk to them. "Ah leuh, I thought we'd established by now, I don't like either of you, okay? So competing for my attention, is not gonna do ya any good."

DuFresne cleared his throat again and said "Excuse me."

Church turned back around to face the purple Spartan. "Okay. Yes. Hello. Who're you?" he asked DuFresne.

Behind him, Caboose was talking to Tucker. "Don't ever be alone." he said in a scary voice.

Tucker turned to Church. "He's doing that thing again..." the battle hardened UNSC Marine wimpered.

Church shook his head. "My name's DuFresne... uh, are you Private Tucker?" the medic asked.

"No, I am not Private Tucker. My name is Church. This is Private Tucker." Church said, pointing at the teal colored Spartan.

"Yo!" said Tucker, giving DuFresne a quick two finger salute.

"And our friend over there in regulation blue? That's Caboose. Or, O'Malley or whatever the hell he's calling callin' himself." said

Church, finishing off the introductions.

"Why did you introduce me second?" Caboose asked, upset.

Tucker took this chance to get a dig in. "Because he hates you." he simply said to the blue Spartan.

DuFresne got back to the job at hand. "I received your call for a Medic." He told the assembled Blue team.

They all gave him a look. "Medic... That was like three months ago." Caboose said.

Tucker nodded in agreement. "Yeah what'd you do, crawl all the way here?" he asked the really late medic.

"I came as quickly as I could. Where's the patient?" asked the medic, not seeing anyone hurt.

"Well, she's about fifty yards behind you, and six feet straight down." said Church, pointing over DuFresne's shoulder.

DuFresne turned around and sees two simple headstones. He turns back around and faces Church. "Oh. I'm sorry about your loss." he said to the leader of the Blues.

"What- oh yeah. Yeah, thanks man, it was tough but, well, what're you gonna do.." Church started to say.

"We didn't like her very much." Caboose interrupted. "She was mean to other people." he continued in a whisper.

"Who's in the other grave?" asked a curious DuFresne.

"That's uh, that's me. I'm in that grave." Church said, rubbing the back of his head.

"...uh huh. ...course." said DuFresne with a doubtful look on his face.

Caboose spoke up. "See, uh, he, got killed by this uh, crazy runaway tank." he told DuFresne.

"Or by the idiot driving it." Tucker reminded Caboose, with a dig to the ribs.

"Oh yeah, and then he became, uh, this really mean ghost, and uh, took over a Mexican robot's body, uh, oh! And then we had to uh, oyathatsright, spray paint him, ah, to make him blue, and now he is alive again, and he is a bionic man. ...who ...is blue." Caboose finished telling DuFresne.

Tucker nodded in agreement. "Right, and it took us six weeks to get his Spanish setting turned off." he said.

"**Not entirely turned off, moron.**" Church said.

Tucker sighs, shaking his head. "I'll go get the Spanish dictionary." he said and promptly forgot to get.

DuFresne looked around at all three of them. "Wait, so, no one here is hurt?" he asked in amazement.

"No, we're fine. In fact, I feel better than ever. See now whenever these two idiots really start to bug me, I can always just turn my ears off. Couldn't do that before." Church said smugly.

Caboose looked at Church in confusion. "You said they were shorting out." he said.

Church looked at the blue Spartan-II. "I'm sorry, what was that Caboose? I can't hear you." he said.

DuFresne shook his head. He looked at the two still human members of Blue Army and said, "Well then let me just check you two out, and I'll be on my way."

"Whoa... check us out? Is this gonna be one of those things where I have to turn my head and cough?" Tucker asked, slowly backing off.

DuFresne shook his head, holding up a medical scanner. "No, I'm just gonna check your vitals." he told the scared Spartan.

Caboose turned to face Tucker. "I bett I have better vitals than you..." he teased his comrad. "What's a vital?" he suddenly asked Tucker.

Church just realized something the Medic said. "On your way? I don't think so, bud. Aren't you here to join our squad?" he asked him.

"No, I'm just here to help out with Tex, and then assist in the canyon as needed." DuFresne told Church.

"First of all, great job on the Tex thing. Mission accomplished. Secondly, the way that we need to assist, is to help us kill all the reds." he told the late Medic.

DuFresne shook his head. "Well, even if my orders didn't prohibit me from doing that, I still wouldn't. I joined the army as a conscientious objector." he told Church.

"A conshe- who?" asked a very puzzled Tucker.

DuFresne sighed, sick and tired of explaining this. "I'm a pacifist." he explained.

"You're a thing that babies suck on..." said a easily lost Caboose.

Tucker shook his head. "No dude, that's a pedophile." he told Caboose.

Both Church and DuFresne looked at him in disgust. "Tucker, I think he means a pacifier." Church said slowly.

Tucker hung his head and rubbed the back of his neck. "Oh yeah, right. Man I was totally thinking about something else." he admitted.

Church shook his head. "That's real classy, Tucker." he told Tucker with a slap to the helmet.

DuFresne quickly aimed his scanner at each of the human Blues and was done with the scan. "Well, everyone here checks out. I'll come back and check on you before I leave the canyon. Can you tell me which way to the Red Base?" he asked Tucker.

Tucker gave him a look. "Why? You said you weren't gonna fight 'em." he asked DuFresne.

"I'm not. Resources are low, so I'm on loan to both armies to help whichever side needs me at the time." DuFresne explained.

"Man, this is so freakin' lame." Church muttered.

DuFresne shot the head of the Blood Gulch Blue Base a look. "I'm just gonna go to Red Base and see if they need any help." he told Church.

"Well, if you're gonna go up to Red Base, I'd recommend putting away that little medical thingie of yours. They see you walking up carrying that thing, they're gonna shoot it right out of your hand." he told the medic. Suddenly a sniper round slammed into the scanner, knocking it out of DuFresne's hand. "Yeah, just like that." Church said as another round buried itself into the wall next to his head.

"Scatter!" hollered Tucker. DuFresne quickly grabbed his scanner out of the dirt and ran in any direction that didn't have a bullet in it.

In the middle of the canyon the Reds were firing on the Blues. "Nice shot, cupcake." Sarge said to the pink Spartan with the sniper rifle next to him.

"Thanks Sarge!" said Donut, firing the sniper rifle.

Simmons was standing off to the side firing a few rounds from his assault rifle. "Oh that's right, suck it blue!" he yelled as his round nearly hit Tucker. He laughed as Tucker nearly fell flat on his face as he tried to turn and scrambled in the direction he came from.

Grif suddenly popped up in front of Simmons. "Yeahah, sneak attack!" he hollered.

"Sit down, you dumbass, I can't see." Simmons growled as he shifted to the side, trying to get a shot.

Sarge held up a fist, ordering his men to stop firing. "Pack up yer knickers, fellas. Let's go get 'em." he said as he shouldered his shotgun and began to move on to Blue Base.

2. Motion to Adjourn

A/N: As always, I don't own RVB. I would also like to give thanks to all those who reviewed on the first season. I hope you all follow

through all the seasons.

Outside Blue Base, the Blues were pinned down by the Reds. Church, Tucker, and DuFresne were using a boulder as a shield, and Caboose was hiding behind another rock a few feet away. "Okay, Tucker, I need you to get up there, help Caboose shore up the defense, establish a suppressing fire, and hold that position until further notice." Church said over the din of the Reds gunfire.

"I didn't even know what half of that meant." Tucker deadpaned.

"Just go over to Caboose's rock, and fire your gun a bunch." Church clarified.

"That rock?" Tucker asked, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. Caboose and his rock was barely visible through a wall of bullets. "Yeah, I don't think so." he answered his own question.

"We do not have time to discuss this." Church said as a frag exploded on the other side of their boulder.

"Sure, no time for you to discuss it. You get to hang out here with Nancy No-Bullets shootin' the breeze. Meanwhile, I'm out there, running around, eating a machine gun sandwich." Tucker said, ignoring the death glare from Doc, who was seriously considering voiding his pacifist membership card and shooting Tucker.

"Tucker, we're gonna give you covering fire." Church sighed.

"Covering fire? Unless that means you're gonna build a huge, bullet-proof wall between me and them, I think you need to come up with a new plan. Preferably one that involves me keeping the same quantity of blood that I have right now." Tucker said, refusing to budge.

"No problem." Church said. Then he had a question. "Oh wait wait, does the blood have to be in your body?" he asked.

Back toward where the Reds were standing, keeping a steady stream of fire, Grif started vibrating from the effect of sustained fire. "Simmons... I-I can't feel my hands." he said.

"Maybe you should lay off the trigger, you dumbass." Simmons said, reloading his assault rifle.

Back where the Blues were hiding, Church gave up on Tucker. "Alright you, Doc, get over there and help Caboose!" he ordered DuFresne.

"My name isn't Doc, it's DuFresne." DuFresne scolded.

"Yeah. I can't pronounce that, so from now on, your name is Doc." Church admitted, rubbing the back of his head.

"I'm not really comfortable with that. I'm not a doctor, I'm a medic." DuFresne explained.

"What's the difference?" Tucker asked.

"Well, a doctor cures people. A medic just makes them more comfortable... while they die." DuFresne informed them.

"Mental note: don't ever get shot." Tucker mumbled to himself.

"It's settled then. Your name is now Doc." Church declared.

"Alright, but I don't think it'll stick." Dufresne said with a sigh of defeat.

Tucker and Church glanced at each other. "Oh, trust us, it'll stick." Tucker said.

"Now get over to Caboose, and help him hold that position." Church ordered Doc.

"I don't have a gun, I'm a pacifist." Doc reminded him.

"Well then just get over there and yell 'bang bang bang'." Church said, flustered.

"Eh, I don't know. Even that sounds pretty aggressive." Doc said.

"Oh, come on." Tucker exclaimed, a round grazing the top of his helmet.

"Besides, I'm not supposed to get involved unless someone gets hurt." Doc pointed out.

"Huh. I see." Church mused. He raised his pistol, took aim at Caboose, and fired a single shot.

"Ahow! My foot..." Caboose whimpered, cradling his injured foot.

"Well, looks like Caboose has hurt himself. Maybe you should get over there and help him, Doc." Church said innocently.

"You know, you could have just asked nicely." Doc said, before sprinting over to Caboose. Church wanted to shoot him.

Back at the Reds, Simmons reached for another clip, only to find he didn't have any. "Ah crap, I'm out. Give me some ammunition, Grif." he said, holding out his hand.

Grif looked at him like he was crazy. "Me? I don't have any extra. I'm down to one bullet." he said.

"Wha- How can that be? You're the one who carries all the extra rounds in to battle." Simmons asked, stunned.

"Wait, since when?" Grif asked, confused.

"Since the last meeting." Simmons replied.

"We actually talk about stuff in those things? I just fall asleep inside my helmet." Grif said.

"Well, you missed your job assignment, and now we have no ammo." Simmons said, throwing down his now useless rifle.

"What's your job?" Grif asked.

"Me? I'm the Social Chairman." Simmons answered.

"Grif. Me and Treasurer Donut are empty. We need some clips." Sarge shouted from his position with Donut.

"Hey Grif, you remember that one bullet you have left? I thought of the perfect way you can use it." Simmons laughed, tapping his helmet. Grif ejected the round and bounced it off Simmons visor.

Back over near the Blue Base, Doc reached Caboose. "I'm here Caboose, where're you hit?" Doc asked as he nealt down next to the wounded Blue.

"Ah, ow, ow, ow, my foot, my foot." Caboose panted in pain.

"The left foot?" Doc asked.

"Ah, left. Let's see, that makes an L with this thumb and..." Caboose started to say before Doc interrupted.

"I'm just gonna assume it's the bleeding one." Doc deadpanned.

"Yeah, the red one. Aeh. I can't believe Church shot me." Caboose moaned.

"Oh don't even start, Caboose!" the dead leader of Blue Team shouted over to them.

"Anything else?" Doc asked.

"Uh, well wha?" Caboose stammered.

"You have a bullet wound in the foot. Is anything else wrong?" Doc asked very slowly.

"Uh... Oh, I got one. Uh, well, sometimes when I fall asleep at night I think about my parents having sex and I get really really mad for some reason." Caboose admitted.

"...Okay I'm just gonna start with the foot." Doc said, moving slowly so to not startle the mentaly disturbed soldier.

"Okay." Caboose said.

Back over where Tucker and Church was, Tucker noticed something odd. "Hey dude, why aren't the Reds firing?" he asked Church.

"I don't know, maybe they're outta ammo." Church said with a shrug.

"Hey, Blues! We are giving you a chance to surrender!" Sarge suddenly called out to them.

"Surrender?" Church said in confussion.

3. Red vs Bleu

A/N: I don't own RVB. Rooster Teeth does and I want to thank them for 10 wonderful seasons and giving me a series to write for years to come.

English

Spanish

Outside the Blue Base, the Reds and the Blues were locked in stalmate. The Reds were out ammo and played the only card they still had, pull a bluff and pray it works. "We are giving you a chance to surrender!" Sarge called out to Church.

"There's no way this bluff is gonna work." Grif grumbled to Simmons.

"Put a cork in it, Fast Eddie. There's positively no way they know we're outta ammo." Sarge shushed him.

"Yeah, they're definitely out of ammo..." Church said to Tucker. "What're your terms?" he called out to the Reds.

"Their what?" Tucker said, shocked that Church would give in.

"Their what?" Grif said, shocked that the Blue's would fall for the bluff.

"I can't this is actually working. See If we can get Lopez back, Sarge." Simmons whispered to Sarge.

"Oh, yeah. 'Cause then he can fix the Warthog." Grif said, putting his two cents in.

"Oo oo, Sarge- tell them we want the flag." Donut said.

"Yeah, and some cake!" Griff added.

"Ooh... Wait wait Sarge, just the cake." Donut said.

Sarge waved them off. "Alright, BluesQ First off! We want your flag-!" he started to say.

Simmons butted in. "Wait wait wait just a secoond. The last time we got the flag, the chick in the black armor showed up." he reminded Sarge.

"... to stay right where is is! Keep the flag! But we do want our mechanized droid back!" Sarge continued.

"Uh oh." Church whispered, Lopez putting new energy into his internal attacks.

"You may know him as SeÃ±or El Roboto!" Sarge called out.

"Well, Church, what's it gonna be?" Tucker asked.

"_Fuck_, no way. I'm not giving back my body. I just got this thing." Church raged.

"And don't think you can keep his nuts! Or bolts, or other mechanical parts you may have!" Sarge added.

"Uh... Uh, he's not here any more!" Church improvised.

"Yeah, he left! He was all like 'Sayonara!' and then he just took off!" Tucker shouted to the Reds.

"That's not Spanish you idiot, that's French. Let's try this." Church whispered to Tucker. "Hey, Reds! How about a medic? Would you take a medic as a hostage?" he shouted to the Red Team.

"A hostage? But I'm supposed to go over there." Doc said, helping Caboose with the foot Church shot.

The Reds were discussing the advantage of having a medic as a hostage. "Meh, that sounds pretty good to me." Simmons said.

"I don't know, I think we can hold out for more." Grif said.

"We don't have any bullets, dumbass." Simmons reminded him.

"Oh, right." Grif said, rubbing his head sheepishly. "Take the medic. The medic's a good deal." he admitted.

Back at the Blue's Church checked on Caboose. "Hey, Doc. How's the patient?" he called out.

"Doing well. He seems very alert and responsive." Doc answered.

"He talking about Caboose, right?" Tucker asked Church.

Church waved him off. "No, I mean his toe. How's the toe I shot?" Church asked Doc.

"What, that thing? That fell off like half an hour ago." Doc informed him.

"Rest in peace, pinkie toe..." Caboose sniffed before his voice became darker. "You shall be avenged!"

"Tell you what... Go ahead and send me over. I really don't think I can be anymore help." Doc sighed.

"Okay! We're gonna send over our medic! Now What do we get?" Church called out to the Reds.

"You? You're surrendering! You don't get anything except humiliation and ridicule!" Simmons shouted back.

"We've already got that! What else do you have?" Tucker asked.

"What do you want?" Sarge hollered.

"How about if you admit that the Red Team sucks?" Church suggested.

The Reds debated between themselves for a few minutes, discussing this prospect. "What if we admit that one of us sucks?" Sarge countered.

"NICE." Grif said, pumping his fist. Then he had a terrible thought. "Wait, you mean Donut, right?" he asked Sarge.

Two hours later, both sides agreed to a set of terms. "Okay then! We agree to the terms? You first, and then we send over the medic!" Church clarified.

"Get on with it, Grif." Sarge said, prodding the orange soldier with his shotgun.

Grif sighed, somehow mixing it with a grunt. "I would just like to let everyone know... that I suck!" he said to everyone in the canyon.

"And?" Church prompted.

"And that I'm a girl!" Grif said.

"What else?" Church asked.

"And I like ribbons in my hair! And I want to kiss all the boys!" Grif concluded, felling lower than dirt.

"This may be the best surrender of all time." Sarge said, posting the video of Grif's humiliation onto Youtube.

"Okay, is that good enough?" Simmons asked Church.

"Yeah!" Church said. He then turned and faced Doc. "Alright, go ahead Doc." he told the purple medic with a nod of his head. Doc got out of his crouch and ran over to where the Reds were. Once he joined them, they headed back to their base.

As they walked, Grif said "Man, I really hope you're worth this."

"Can I ask you a question?" Doc asked. Grif nodded. "Do they put something in the water here?" Doc asked.

"Water? We ran outta water six months ago." Grif informed him, stepping out of the crater where the Warthog got destroyed.

"No water... Then what do you drink?" Doc asked, confused.

"Uh, you know, ketchup, uh, soy sauce, gravy, the usual." Grif answered with a shrug.

"I only drink the blood of my enemies." Sarge butted in. "And occasionally a strawberry Yoo-hoo. Or a Sasparilla. Grenadine straight from a can. Deelicious. ...Oh, occasionally I do enjoy a 'Sex on the Beach.' Or a piña colada." he said before he began to sing, off-key. "If you like piña colada's, hench! Gettin' caught in the rain, hench! And you're not in to yoga, engh! Grif just has half a brain, ungh." He then took a bow. Grif just chuckled before posting that song to Youtube.

4. The Joy of Toggling

A/N: Sorry for the wait. I had to move, started college, and had to put my writing aside for a while. Anyway, I don't own RVB, Burnie does. If you don't know who he is, what are you doing here?

Outside Red Base, Doc and Grif were discussing Grif saving Sarge's life. "So he was shot in the head..." Doc started.

"Right." Grif confirmed.

"...and you gave him CPR for a bullet wound in the head." Doc finished.

"Exactly." Grif said.

Doc thought for a few moments before nodding his head. "Yeah, I think that's a perfectly acceptable treatment." he informed the orange soldier.

"That's what I said." Grif said.

"Oh yeah, people often overlook alternative methods of care." Doc explained. "Like that Blue guy that was shot in the foot during the battle? All I did was rub his neck with some aloe vera, he was fine."

"Yeah, I don't know about all that." Grif said, rubbing the back of his helmet. I'm just glad that Sarge is wrong."

Just then, Sarge turned the corner of the base, with Simmons and Donut in tow, and barked at his soldier. "Grif! Yer supposed to be watching the prisoner, not playing lookie-loo with him all day long!"

"Come on Sarge, he doesn't even have a gun." Grif pointed out.

Simmons then took the chance to gain even more brownie points with Sarge. "Oh, well you two will be great friends then. He doesn't have a gun, and you didn't bring any ammo!" he taunted his teammate.

"Hey thanks, kiss-ass. If I wanna take tips from the guy that lost our last prisoner, I'll be sure to ask you." Grif snapped at him.

Donut chuckled. "Oh man, that is a burn. Dude, you just got burned. Burned, dude, burned." he ribbed Simmons.

"Oh shut up, your armor's pink." Simmons snapped.

"Uh, hey, guys? I-I just want everybody to know that Grif and I aren't, uh, technically friends... uh, we're just talking. That's it." Doc told the rest of Red Team. Grif glared at him. "Sorry, man, but it's pretty obvious that you're really unpopular, and if I'm gonna make any progress around here at all I can't really be associated with you. I'm sure you understand." he said to the orange soldier. Grif glared at him. "It's only because no one likes you." Doc said, trying to explain himself. Grif continued stare daggers at him. "Stop staring at me." Doc said, squirming uncomfortably under

Grif's piercing gaze.

Across the canyon, past the wrecked body of Sheila, and behind the Blue Base, Church and Tucker were trying to figure out how to repair Sheila. "Hey Church, if your body is the Red Team's old droid, and droids usually fix stuff, can't you just activate your repair sequence and fix Sheila?" Tucker asked Church.

Church thought about it for a few seconds. "Huh... Well, yeah it's worth a shot, I guess." he said, shrugging his shoulders. He cleared his throat and glanced at Tucker. "Alright. Stand back." he said. Tucker took a big step back, not wanting to be near Church if he accidentally activate a self-destruct mechanism. "Huhur...! Heeungh...! Hoom..!" Church grunted and groaned.

After a few minutes of listening to Church act like his pipes were clogged, Tucker had to ask "Anything?".

"Yeah, it's not as easy as you'd think it would be." Church admitted.

Tucker thought about it for a minute. He suddenly jolted upright and snapped his fingers. "Maybe there's a button on you somewhere..." He started to say.

"See what you can find. I'll keep trying from in here." Church interrupted him. Tucker rolled his eyes and began to search Church's body. Church moaned and groaned until... "Oh! Hey!" he cried.

"Found it?" Tucker asked.

"Nah, no wait. All I found was the time and temperature function." Church said. He then cocked his head. "It is currently twenty-six degrees, by the way." He quipped.

"What? It's not twenty-six degrees out here, that's freezing." Tucker exclaimed, Caboose passing through the base's entrance behind him.

"Celsius, Tucker." Church deadpanned.

"Oh come on, dude, Celsius sucks." Tucker said, kneeling down in front of Church and spotted something. "Hey, I found something." he said.

"Oh yeah? You found a button?" Church asked, twisting to try see for himself.

"Naw dude, it's more like a... switch." Tucker said, eyeing the small silver lever dangling between Church's legs.

"Well, give it a flip." Church said, getting impatient with the whole situation.

"I don't wanna flip it." Tucker said.

Church facepalmed and shook his head. "What's the problem?" he sighed.

"It's in a weird place." Tucker informed him.

"Oh you've gotta be kidding me." Church groaned.

"You flip it." Tucker suggested.

"These arms aren't that flexible." Church informed him. "I can't even reach down there." he finished, trying to reach the switch. His hands stopped a mere half inch away from it.

"What about Caboose?" Tucker asked, clearly running out of ideas.

"Oh man, he's so stupid, I don't even know if he knows how to operate a switch." Church complained.

"Oh man..." Tucker moaned, clearly not wanting to touch the switch.

"C'm-Tucker, come on. We'll laugh about it later." Church said, trying to cheer Tucker up. Tucker glared at him. "I'll buy you dinner." Church offered.

Tucker sighed and shook his head. He knealt down and pulled on the switch. The little thing didn't move. He tried again and again, but the stubborn thing wouldn't budge. "It won't move, it's stuck." He informed Church.

"Did you try wiggling it?" Church inquired.

Tucker stood up straight away. "No way, I'm not wiggling your dongle." he said, shaking his head.

"Oh, stop being a baby. Just wiggle it." Church ordered. Tucker sighed and knealt back down. But just as his fingers were closing on the switch, Church said "... So, you from around here, baby?"

Tucker bolted up-right again. "Okay look, if you want me to do this, you can't talk like that." Tucker said, going helmet to helmet with Church.

"Alright alright alright alright, I'm sorry, I'm just kidding, I'm just kidding." Church said, realising he might of pushed Tucker to far.

Tucker backed off and sighed. "I wish Tex was here, she wouldn't have any problem flipping it." he thought aloud.

Church shook his head. "You obviously did not Tex that well." he informed Tucker, before gesturing to the switch.

Tucker sighed and knealt back down in the dusty earth. He wiggled the switch untill it flipped with a click. Tucker stood back up and dusted his hands. "There! Anything?" he asked Church.

Church ran a quick test of his systems. "Nope. Nothin'." he said, then cocked his head. "That's kinda weird. Do you hear something beeping?" he asked Tucker. Tucker listened for a moment, then shook his head.

Back over at the Red Base, the Reds, minus Grif, were grouped around

their Warthog, having a talk about their new 'teammate'. "Are there any ideas on what to do with the prisoner?" Sarge asked his squad.

"Well, we have to get him away from Grif, because ...yeah, you know, it's kinda cruel and unusual to have to talk to him." Simmons suggested.

"How 'bout we, um, let him trade armor with uh, one of us? That would show him." Donut suggested. The others just shook their heads at the pink soldier in front of him.

Before anyone could have replied, the Warthog's lights began to flash. Then everyone jumped when a voice issued from the vehicle. "Warthog online." it said, the voice warbled and slurred. It's lights flashed one final time then stayed on. "Homing beacon activated." It announced, the voice now steady and deep.

"Sarge, d-d-did the car just talk?" Donut asked Sarge, needing to rinse out his armor.

"Uh oh." Sarge said, going pale under his armor.

End
file.